La. Doeſt grant mee hedgehog, then God grant mee too
Thou maieſt bee damned for that wicked deede:
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. Hee is in Heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke mee that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then Earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare mee name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber,
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets; *Henry* and *Edward*.
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt mee in my ſleepe;
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cleared by the Sunne;
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to bee reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable;
To bee reuenged on him that ſlew my Husband.
Glo. He that bereſt thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantage
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfe ſame name but one of better
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Shee ſpittes*
Why doeſt ſpit at him?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fouler Toad
Out of my ſight thou doſt infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes ſweete Lady haue infecte
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike
Glo. I would they were, that I might die
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſ
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh dr
I neuer ſued to frinds nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſmooth
But now thy beauty is propoſde my fee;
My proud heart ſues and prompts my tong
Teach not my lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were m
For kiſſing Lady not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharp poynted ſwo
Which if you pleaſe to hide in this true boſ
And let the ſoule forth that adorneth thee
I lay it naked to thy deadly ſtroake;
And humbly beg the death vpon my Knees.
Nay, doe not pawſe, twas I that kild your husb
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that Kild *King H*
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on:
Take vp thy ſword againe, or take vp me.
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will d
La. I haue already.